ELISSA

The Doom of Zimbabwe

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE CAGE OF DEATH. An hour later the attack commenced at the chosen points of the double wall, one of them being the southern gate. In front of the ancing columns were driven vast numbers of alares, most of whom had been captured, or had surrendered in the outer town. These men were laden with fagots to fill the ditch. todders wherewith to scale the walls, and heavy trunks of trees to be used in breaching For the most part they were unarmed. and protected only by their burdens, which held before them as shields, and the the warriors of Ithobal. But did little harm to the defenders, who were haiden behind the walls, whereas their shafts rained on them from above, killed or sounded the slaves by scores, and when they turned to fly they were driven onward by the spear points of the savages, to be slain like game in a plifall. Still, some of them lived, and running under the shelter of the wall, be gan to breach it with the battering rams, and se the scaling ladders till death found

them, or they were worn out with excitement. Then the real attack began. With fierce vells the threefold column rushed at the wall and be gan to work the rams and scale the ladders while the defenders above rained spears and arrows upon them, or crushed them with heavy nes, or poured upon their heads boiling pitch and water, heated in great caldrons stood at hand. Time upon time they were driven back, with heavy loss, and time upon time fresh hordes of them advanced to the onslaught. Thrice, at the south gate, were the ladders raised, and thrice the heads of the storm. ers appeared above the level of the wall, to be hurled, bleeding, to the earth beneath.

Thus the long day were on, and still the defenders held their own.
"We shall win," shouted Aziel to Metem, as

a fresh ladder was cast down with its weight f men to the deafn-strewn plain. "Yes, here we shall win, because here we

fight," answered the Phoenician, "but elsewhere It may be otherwise," and indeed for a while the attack upon the south gate slackened. Another hour passed, and presently to the left

of them rose a wild yell of triumph, and with it a shout of "Fly to the second wall. The toe is in

Meters looked, and there, 200 pages to their left, a flood of savages poured toward them down the great ditch. "Come," he said, "the outer wall is lost." But as he spoke once more the ladders rose against the gates and flanking towers, and once more Aziel sprang to cast them down. When the deed was done he looked behind him to find that he was cut off and surrounded. Metem and most of his men, indeed, had gained the inner wall in safety, while be, with twelve only of his bravest soldiers, Jews of his own following, who had stayed re help him to throw back the ladders, were left upon the gateway tower. Nor was escape any lenger possible, for both the plain without and see within were filled with the men of Itho bal, who advanced also down the broad coping of the captured wall.

"Now, there is but one thing that we can do," said Aziel, "fight bravely till we are slain." As he spoke a javelin cast from the wall be neath struck him upon the breastplate, and, though the bronze turned the iron point. brought him to his knees. When he found his feet again he heard a voice calling him by name, and, looking down, saw Ithobal clad in golden barness and surrounded by his Cantains You cannot escape, Prince Aziel," cried the

"Yield now to my mercy." Aziel heard, and setting an arrow to his bow, lossed it at Ithobal beneath. He was a skilled archer, and the heavy shaft pierced the golden behnet of the King, cutting his scalp down to the bone.

That is my answer," cried Aziel, as Ithobal rolled upon the ground beneath the shock of the blow, but very soon he was up and crying his commands from behind the shield hedge of his

be taken alive and brought to me," he shouted,
"I will give a great reward in cattle to those
who capture them unharmed, but if any do them hurr, they themselves shall be put to death."

The Captains bowed and issued their orders, and presently Aziel and his companions saw The Captains bowed and issued their orders, and presently Aziel and his companions saw lines of unarmed men creening up ladders set upon every side of the lofty tower. Again and again they east off the ladders till at length, being so few, they could stir them no more because of the weight upon them, but must linek at the heads of the stormers as they appeared above the parapet, killing them one by one. In this fashion they slew many, but their arms grew weary as last, and ever under the eye of their king the brave savages crept upward, headless of death, till, with a shout they poured over the battlements and rushed at the little band of Jews. Now, rather than be taken, Aziel sought te throw himself from the lower, but his companions held him, and thus at last it came about that he was selzed and bound. As they dragged him to the stairway, he looked across the fosse and saw the mercenaries flying from the inner wall, although it was still unbreached, and saw also the citizens of Zimbee streaming by thousands to the pare of Zimbee streaming by thousands to the pare was still unbreached, and saw also the citizens of Zimboe streaming by thousands to the narrow gateway of the temple fortress. Then he groaned in his heart and struggled no more, for he knew that the fate of the ancient town was sealed and that the prophecy of Issachur would be fulfilled.

be fulfilled.

A while later Aziel and those with him, their hands bound behind their backs, were led by hile ropes tied about their necks through the army of the tribes, that jeered and spat upon them as they passed to a tent on the plain, above which floated the banner of Ithobal. Into this tent the Prince was thrust alone and there forced upon his knees by the soldiers who held him. Refore him upon a conch covered with a lion skill lay the great shape of Ithobal, while physicians washed his wounded scalp.

"Greeting son of Leant times."

above which floated the banner of Ithobal. Into this tent the Prince was thrust alone and there forced upon his knees by the soldiers who held him. Refore him upon a conch covered with a lion skin lay the great shape of Ithobal, while physicians washed his wounded scale. "Greeting, son of Israel and Pharaoh," he said in a mucking voice; "truly you are wise thus to do homage to the King of the world."

"Apoor lest," answered Aziel, glancing at those who held him down; "true homage is of the heart, King Ithobal.

"I know it, Jew, and this also you shall give me when you are humbler. Who taught you the use of the how! You shoot well," and he pointed to his blood-stained helmet, which was still transliked by the arrow.

"Nay, answered Aziel, "I shot but ill, for my arm was weary. When next I draw a string against your breast, King Ithobal, I promise you a straighter annet."

"Well said," answered the King with a laugh; "but know, dog of a Jew, that now it is my turn to draw the string—how I will show you afterward. Have they told you that the city has fallen and that my Captains hold the gates, while the cowards of Zimboe are penned like sheep within the temple and on the cliff-edged beight above! They have fled thither for safety, but I tell you that they would be more aste on youder plain, for I have the key of their stronghold, a certain passage leading from the halace of the Bualitis to the temple; you know it, I think. Yes, and it I had not, very soon by mager and thirst would work for me. Well, lew, I have won, and with less trouble than I hought, and now I hold the great city in hostage, to save or to destroy, as it shall please, use, to save or to destroy, as it shall please, me, it is not all the doom of cowards is little to a brave fam. I have the doom of cowards is little to a brave fam, the choice and the doom of cowards is little to a brave fam, the choice is a save or to destroy, as it shall please, me, is the hast aken refuge in the tomb of lastic has she not, with poison in her bosom sod size at her

d give herself to pic. At least I bould it fail-then you can pay the pride with your blood, Prince

would I do, gladly," answered Aziel;

the a plot?"

Is because of my manheed that I stoop to
all lihobal, amerily. "Houbtless you think
foolish fancy and namerit cless drives me
there, but it is not so, although in truth
fart thouses this woman to be my wife
one other. That fondness I might conmit look you, of all thurs living this lady
has dared to cross my will, so that to-day
accessing woman in the brank jell onch

other of how Ithobal, the great Kisg, has been baffled by a girl who desvises him because his blood is not all white. Thus I am become a laughing stock, and, therefore, I will win her, cost me what it may."

"And I, King Ithobal, tell you that you will not win ber; no, not if you torture me to death before her eyes."

"That we shall see," said the King with a laugh. Then he called to his guard and added, "Let this man and his companions be taken to she place prepared for them."

Now Aziel was dragged from the tent and thrust into a wooden cage, such as were used for darrying slaves and women from place to place upon the backs of camela. His soldiers, who had been taken with him, were thrust also into cages, and with himself laden upon camels that were waiting, two cages to each canel. Then a cloth was thrown over them, and, rising to their feet, the camela began to marked. When they had covered a league or more of ground Aziel learned from the medion of the camel upon which he was secured, and the blows of its drivers, that they were ascending some steep place. At length they reached the top of it and were unloaded from the beasts like merchandise, but could see upthing, for by now the night had fallen. Then, still in the cages, they were carried to a tent, where food and water were given them through the bars, after which so weary was aziel that he fell asleep. At daybreak he awoke, or, rather, was awakened, by the sound of a famillar voice, and, looking through his bars, perceived Metem standing before them, guarded but unbound, with indignation written on his face, and tears in his quick eyes.

"Alas," he cried, "that I should have lived to see the seed of Israel and Pharaoh thus fastened like a wild beast in a den, while barbarians make a mock of him. O, Prince, it were better that you should die rather than endure such shame.

"Misfortunes are the master of the man, not han of his misfortunes. Metem," said Aziel,

barlans make a mock of hlm. O, Prince, it were better that you should die rather than endure such shame.

"Misfortunes are the master of the man, not man of his misfortunes, Metem." said Aziel, quietly, "and in them is no true disgrace, Even if I had the means to slay myself, it would be a sin. Moreover, it might bring another to her death, and therefore I await my doom, whatever it may be, with such patience as I can, trusting that my sufferings and ignoushing may expatiate my crimes in the sight of Him I serve. But tell me, how come you here, Metem?

"I came under the safe conduct of Ithobal, who gave me leave to visit you, doubtless for some ends of his own. Have you heard, Prince, that he holds the gates of the city, though as yet no harm has been done to it, and that its inhabitants are crowded within the temple, and upon the heights above; also that in his despair. Sakon has slain himself?

"Is it sof" answered Aziel. "Well, Issachar foretold as much. On their own heads be the doom of these devil worshippers and cowards. Have you tidings of the Lady Ellissa,"

"Yes, Prince, she still sits yonder in the tomb, esolute in her purpose, and giving no answer to those who come to reason with her."

As he spoke the guard let fail the front of the tent, so that the sunlight flowed into it, revealing Aziel and his twelve companions, each fast in his narrow prison. "See," said Metem, "to you know the place!"

The Prince rose to his knees and saw that

tent, so that the sunlight flowed into it revealing Aziel and his twelve companions, each fast in his narrow prison. "See," said Metem, "do you know the place!"

The Prince rose to his knees and saw that they were set upon the top of a hill built up of granite boulders, rising eighty feet or more from the surface of the plain. Opposite to them, at a distance of about 100 paces, rose a precipice, in the face of which could be seen a cave closed with barred gates of bronze, while between the hill and the precipice ran a road.

"I know it," he said. "There runs the path by which we travelled from the coast, and there is the tomb of Baaltis, Why have we been brought here!"

"The Lady Elissa sits behind the bars of yon-der tomb, whence her view of all that happens upon this mount must be very good indeed," answered Metem, with meaning. "Now, can you guess why you were brought here. Prince

guess why you were brought here. Prince Aziel?

"Is it that she may witness our sufferings under torment!" he asked.

Metem nodded.

"How will they deal with us. Metem?"

"Wait and see, he answered.

As he spoke Ithobal himself appeared, followed by certain evil-looking savages, and having greeted Metem courteously, he turned to the Hebrew soldiers in the cages and asked them which of their number was nost prepared to die.

"I, Ithobal, who am their leader," said Aziel.

"No. Prince," replied Ithobal, with a cruel smile, "your time is not yet. Look, there is a man who has been wounded. To put him out of his pain would be a kindness. Slares, bear that Jew to the edge of the rock, and as the Prince will wish to study a new mode of death, bring his cage also."

Prince will wish to study a new mode of death, bring his case also."

The order was obeyed, Aziel being set down upon the very verge of the cliff. Close to him a spur of granite jutted out twenty feet or so from its edge. At the end of the spur of granite a groove was cut and over this groove, suspended by a thin chain from a pole, hung a wedge of pure crystal carefully shaped and polished. While Aziel wondered what evil purpose this stone might serve the slaves had fastened a fine rope to the cage containing the

polished. While Azlel wondered what evil purpose this stone might serve the slaves had fastened a fine rope to the cage containing the wounded Hebrew solder and secured its end. Then they set the rope in the groove of the granite spur and pushed the cage over the dege of the cliff so that it dangled in midsir, "Now. I will explain, said Ithobal. "This is a mode of death that I have borrowed from those followers of Baal who worship the sun, by means of which Baal claims his own sacrifice and none are guilty of the victim's blood. You see yonder crystal—well, at any appointed hour, for it can be hung as you will, the rays of the sun shining through it cause the fibres of the rope to smoke and smoulder till at length they part and—Baal takes the sacrifice. Should a cloud hide the sun at the appointed hour, then Baal, having spared him, the victim is set free. But, as you will note, at this season of the year there are no clouds. What, Prince, have you nothing to say!" for Aziel had listened in silence to the tale of this devillish device. "Well, learn that it depends upon the Lady Fliesa yonder whether or no this fate shall be in silence to the tale of this devillish device.

"Well, learn that it depends upon the Lady Elissa yonder whether or no this fate shall be yours. Send now and bray her, to save you from it. Think what it will be to hang as your servant does over the yawning gulf of space, waiting through the long hours, till at last you see the little wreaths of smoke begin to curl from the tinder of the cord. Why, before the end found them I have known men zo mad and tear with their teeth at the wooden bars like wolves. What! You will not! Then, Metem, do you plead for your friend. Bid the Lady Baaltis look forth to-day at one hour before the moon and see the sight of yonder wretch's death, remembering that to-morrow that fate shall be her lover's unless she foresces her purpose of self-murder and gives herself to me. Nay, no words—an escort shall lead you through the lower city to the gateway of the tomb and listen to your speech there. See that it does not fall you, merchant, unless you also seek to hang in yonder cage. Tell the Lady Elissa that to-morrow at sunr se I will come in person for her answer. If she yields, then the Prince and his companions shall beeset free, and with you, Metem, to guide them, be mounted on swift camels to carry them unharmed to their retinue beyond the mountains; but if she will not yield then—Baal shall take his sacrifice. Begone."

Having no choice, Metem bowed and went, leaving the eaged Aziel upon the edge of the

their retinue beyond the mountains; but if she will not yield, then—Baal shall take his sacrifice. Begone."
Having no choice, Metem bowed and went, leaving the caged Aziel upon the edge of the cliff and the Hebrew solder hanging from the spur of the rock. Now Aziel roused himself from the horror in which his soul was sunk and strove to comfort his doomed comrade, praying with him to heaven. Slowly the hours drew on till at length, upon the opposite cliff, he saw figures whom he knew to be Metem and his escort approach the mouth of the fomb, and heard him call through the bars of the gateway. Turning, he glanced at the rope, and watched the spot of light born of the crystal creen to its side. Next he saw a little wreath of smoke rise in the still air and bade his conrade close his eyes. Then came the end, for suddenly the taut rope, caten through, flew back and the cage with the man in it vanished from his sight, while, from far below, came the sound of a heavy fall, and, from the tomb of Baaltis, the echo of a woman's shrick.

CHAPTER XVII.

THERE IS HOTE.

It was dawn and Ithobal, the King, stood without the gates of the tomb of Baaltle, the gray light glimmering faintly on his harness, and knocked upon the brazen bars with the handle of

light glinmering faintly on his harness, and knocked upon the brazen bars with the handle of his sword.

"Who troubles me now?" said a voice within. "Lady, it is I, Ithobal, who, as I promised by Metem, the Phonician, am come to learn your will as to the fate of Prince Aziel. Already he hangs above the gulf, and within one short hour, if you so decree it, he will be set free to return to his own land."
"At what price will he be set free, King Ithobal?"
"Iady, you know the price. It is yourself. Oh, I beseech you, he wise and spare his life and your own. Listen. Spare his life and I will spare this city, which lies in the hollow of my hand, and you shall rule it with me."
"You'cannot bribe me thus. King Ithobal, My father, whom I loved, is dead, and shall I give myself to you for the sake of a city that would have betrayed me into your hands?"
"Nay, but for the sake of the man whom you love you shall do even this Elissa. Think, if you do it not, his blood will be upon your head, and what will you have gained?"
"Death, which is dear to me, for I weary of the struggle of my days."
"Then end it in my arms, lady. Soon this fancy will escape your mind, and you will remain one of the mightlest queens of men."
Elissa re urned no answer, and for a while there was allence.
"Lisdy," said Ithobal at length, "the sun rises," here was allence. "Lady," said Ithobal at length, "the sun rises.

"Lady," said Ithobal at length, "the sun rises, and my servants yonder await a signal."
Then she spoke, like one who hesitates.
"Are you not afraid. King Ithobal, 'to trust your life to a woman won in such a fashion!"
"Nay," answered Ithobal, "for though you say their fate concerns you not, the lives of all those penned-up thousands are hostages for my own. Should you by chance find a means to stab me unawares, then to-night fire and sword would rage through the city of Zimboo. Nor do I foar the future, since I know well that you who think you hate me now very soon will learn to love me.
"You promise, King Ithobal, that if I yield myself you will set the Prince Aziel free; but how can I believe you who twice have fried to murder him?"
"Boubt me if you will, lady. At least, you

how can I believe you will, lady. At least, you murder him?"
"Boubt me if you will, lady. At least, you cannot doubt your own-eyes. Look, his road runs beneath this rock. Come from the tomb and take your stand upon it, and you shall see him pass; yes, and should you wish, speak with him in farewell, that you may be sure that it is, and alive. Further, I swear to you by my head and henor that no finger shall be laid upon

you till he is gone by, and that no pursuit of him shall be attempted. New, choose."

Again there was silespe for a while. Then
Eliasa spoke in a broken voice.

"King Ithobal, I have chosen. Trusting to your
honor, I will stand upon the rock, and when I
have seen the Prince Aziel go by in safety, then,
since you desire it, you shall put your agms
about me and bear me whither you will. You
have conquered me, King Ithobal; hencoforward
I am yours and no other man's. Give the signal, I pray you, and I will come forth from the
tomb."

and, if pray you, and I will come forth from the tomb.

Aziel hung in his cage over the aliyss of air, awaiting death and gind to die because he was sure that Elissa had refused to purchase his life at the price of ner own surrender. There he hung, while the eagles swent past birn, making his prayer to heaven and waiting the end, till presently, from the opposite cilif, came the sound of a horn blown thrice. Then, while he wondered what this might mean, the cage in which he lay was drawn gently over the edge of the precipice and carried down the steeps of the mante hill as it had been exried up them. At the foot of the hill the covering was taken from it, and he saw before him a caravan of camela, and seated on each camel one of his own comrades. But one camel had no rider, and Metem led it by a rope.

The servants of Ithobal took him from the cage and set him upon the camel, though they did not loosen the bonds about his wrists.

"This is the continued of the King," said the Captain to Motem, "that the arms of the Prince Asiel should remain bound until you have travelled for six hours. Begone in safety, fearing nothing." "What happens now, Metqu," asked Aziel, "What happens now, Metqu," asked Aziel,

nothing." "What happens now, Metcp," asked Aziel as the camels strode forward, "and why am is set free who was expecting death! Is this some artifice of yours, or has the Lady Elissa—"and

set free who was expecting death! Is this some artifice of yours, or has the Lady Elissa—"and he ceased.

"Upon the word of an honest merchant, I cannot tell you, Prince. Yoskrofay as a! was forced, I gave the message of King Ithebal to the Lady Elissa yonder in the tomb, and she would answer me only one thing; that if we could escape we should do so, and that you must have no fear for her, since she also had found a means of escape from Ithobal, and would certainly join us upon the road."

As Metem spoke the camels passed round the hill on to the path that ran beneath the tomb of Baaltis, and there, standing upon the road."

As Metem spoke the camels passed round the hill on to the path that ran beneath the tomb of Baaltis, and there, standing upon the road, "As Metem spoke them, was Elissa, and with her, but at a distance. Ithobal, the King, "Halt, Prince Aziel," she called in a clear voice, "and harken to my farewell. I have bought your life and the lives of your companions and you are free, for the road is clear and nothing can overtake the twelve swiftest camels in Zimbec. Go, therefore, and be happy, forgetting no word that has passed my lips, for all my words are true, even to a certain promise which I made you lately by the mouth of Metem and which I now full—that I would join you on your road less you should deem me faithless to the troth which I have so often sworn to you. King Ithobal, this shape is yours; come now and take your prize. Prince Aziel, my soul is yours, in life it shall companion you and in death await you. Prince Aziel, my soul is yours, in life it shall companion you and in death await you. Prince Aziel, my soul is yours, in life it shall companion you and in death await you. Prince Aziel, my soul is yours, in life it shall companion you and in death await you. Prince Isle rushed upon the road beneath.

Aziel saw, and in his acony strained so flercely at the bonds which held him that they burst like rushes. Then he leaped from the camel and knelt beside her. She was not yet deaf for h

and knelt beside her. She was not yet dead for her eyes were onen and her lips stirred.

"I have kept faith," she murmured, and her spirit passed.

Aziel rose from beside the corpse and looked upward. There upon the edge of the rock above him, leaning forward, his eyes set wide in horror, stood Hubbal, the King. Aziel saw him and a fury entered into his heart that this man, whose evil doing bad-bred such woe and caused the death of his beloved, should still live upon the earth. By him was Metem, who, for once, had no words, and from his hand he anatched a bow and set an arrow on the string. "This gift, King I thobal, from Aziel, the laracite." he cried, as the shaft rushed upward, It rushed upward, it smote I thobal between the joints of his harness, so that the point of it sunk through his neck. For a moment the great man stood still, then he opened his arms wide and of a sudden plunged downward, falling with a crash on the roadway, where he lay dead at the side of dead Elissa.

"The play is played and the fate fulfilled," cried Metem. "See, the servants of the King speed yonder with their evil tidings. Let us away, lest we bide here with these two forever."

"That is my desire," said Aziel.
"A desire that cannot be fulfilled, answered Metem. "Come, Prince, since we cannot go without you, and surely you do not wish to sacrifice the lives of all of usas an offering to the great spirit of the lady who is dead, for it is one that she would not seek."

Then Aziel knelt down and klassed the brow of the dead Elissa, and went his way, saying no word.

That night when the darkness fell, the sky be-

word.
That night when the darkness fell, the sky be hind them grew red with fire.
"Behold, the end of the golden city" said

That night when the darkness fell, the sky behind them grew red with fire.

"Behold, the end of the golden city." said Metem, "Issachar was a prophet indeed, who foretold that it should be so."

Aziel bowed his head, remombering that Issachar also had foretold that for Elissa and for him there was hope beyond the grave, and as he thought it a soft voice seemed to murmur in his ear:

"He of zood courage, beloved, there is hope."

And so he set his face toward the sea of life, and passed it, and long ago, at his appointed hour, gained the further shore, to be welcomed there by her who watched for him.

And thus, because of the loves of Aziel, the Prince, and Elissa, the daughter of Sakon, 3,000 years ago, fell the ancient city of Zimboe at the hand of King Ithobal and his tribes, so that today there remains of it nothing but gray towers of stone, and beneath them the crumbling bones of men.

THE END.

WISE OLD CROWS

How They Solved the Clam-Opening Problem and Administered Justice.

From the Youth's Companian. Few pastimes are more interesting and in structive to a person living in the country than observation of the habits and peculiarities of the common birds and animals which he sees, You may read the observations of others with a great deal of pleasure, but there is a singular ascination in becoming a discoverer on your own account.

Of all the birds that I have watched I think none has repaid me more richly than that amusing old reprobate, the crow. His sagacity is notorious, and from some things that I have

is notorious, and from some things that I have myself observed it would almost seem as if he must be endowed with something nearly akin to reason.

On one occasion, while I was living in New Jersey, near Long Branch, I was one day attracted by the loud and excited cawing of a number of crows down on the shore of the Navesink River, which ran only a few yards from my door. Curious to know what all the excitement was about, I scaled myself at a window to watch them. It was Just after the equinoctal storm in September, and I soon found that they were disputing about the best way to deal with some soft-shelled clams which had been washed; sp from a sandy shoal.

These clams, of which crows are very fond, are oblong in shape, about four or five inches long and two wide, with a shell not much thicker than a mussel, but still too hard for a crow to break with its besk. From one end of the shell protrudes a long neck, smetimes more than half as long as your finger, through which the claim sucks its tood.

For half an hour or more the crows argued noisily; then the dispute subsided, and it was evident that they had arrived at some decision which they were about to put to the test, Almost in nediately one crow, which had been particularly noisy in the discussion, picked up a clam by its long neck, and flying up in the air some distance let it drop. When it siruck on the stony shore all the crows, about fifteen or twenty in number, flew to learn the result of the experiment.

That it proyed the soundness of their reason-

he experiment.
That it proved the soundness of their reason

twenty in number, flew to learn the result of the experiment.

That it proved the soundness of their reasoning was evident, for each crow at once possessed himself of a clam, few up into the air with it, let it drop on the stones to break its shell, and then ate its contents with great apparent satisfaction. This they continued until they had caten as many as they wanted, and then as many as they wanted, and then they flew away.

At another time I saw something which convinced me that they have some sort of government among themselves, and that an infringement of their laws is followed by punishment. This happened in Virginia, which, by the way, is a perfect paradise for crows, with its immense corn and peanut fleids. I was sitting at an upper window one quiet Sunday afternoon, looking across a broad field toward the James River, there about seven miles wide. The field had been newly ploughed and harrowed, ready for planting, and was perfectly level and smooth, so that any object could be distinctly seen upon the ground at a distance of three or four himferd yards. As I was looking, I saw a crow alight on the ground about 200 yards away. Soon two more came from the same direction and alighted neartine first one. Crows continued to arrive, sometimes singly and sometimes by twos or threes, until there must have been about fifty, or benhaps more. All came from the same direction and took ground on a space perhaps fifty or sixty feet equare.

They were very quiet, which is unusual where many of them are together, sind it was evident that they had met for a purpose. Presently one flew up in the air some little distance, appeared to be looking for something, and then returned. This was repeated several times, at short intervals, before three crows appeared, flying very low, at the sight of which the sambled crows manitesied considerable excitement, though they made very little noise. The three were flying in a line, one behind the other; the middle one, a dejected-looking bird, was unmistakably guarded by the others.

afterward sent out, viewed the remains

STORY OF MATTHEW BUNN. HOW HE WAS TORTURED BY INDIANA AND BY THE BRITISH

raid to a Printed Saventive to Which He Made in 1791, Was Captured, and Escaped, Only to Fare Werse at English Hands.

Matthew Bunn, whose adventures are chron total by himself in a little roughly printed pamphlet issued somewhere in Eric county in the year 1828, was the son of a Revolutionary patriot. The pamphlet was found one day last week by a veteran collector, and its acquisition for the sum of 25 cents has filled his heart with joy. The "Narrative of Matthew Bunn," while without literary grace, has the charm of simplicity and direct expression. Bunn enlisted at the age of 19 "under Ensign

John Tillinghast of Providence for an expedi-tion against the Indians in the year 1791." He was sent with his company to Pittsburg, and after a stay there of three weeks received orders to go down the Ohlo, "The boats we went down in were of two-inch

plank, of white oak; the length of them was

about forty feet and about sixteen wide and they rowed with four oars and three men at each oar; and over the top of each boat there was a roof like the roof of a building, for a defence against the Indians firing from the shore After an unimportant series of engagements with the Indians the party to which Bunn was attached reached a spot upon the banks of the

Miami River, where a small fort was erected and named Fort Jefferson. It was here that an adventure befel our hero which led up to a series of misfortunes and hardships. It is best told in "After we had been building said fort about

three days, I happened to be on outside picket guard that night. The next morning three of the guard and myself, not having any duty to do, obtained liberty of our officers to go half a mile distance a-hunting, being very scant of provisions; and after we had passed the sentinels w parted and agreed to take a small circle and then to meet upon a plain. I went to the right hand, and, coming round a swamp in a blind footpath a little distance from the plain, looking out for game, not thinking of any danger on coming into a thicket of brush, there rose up three Indians, which you may think not a little surprised me. I looked this way and that way for a place to run, but found it Impracticable, for there were Indians on every side with their tomahawks over my head, so that ! saw that I might as well give up as to make any resistance. Dropping my firelock, I put out my hand to shake with them. They shook hands with me and bid me make haste, and then they took me through a swamp upon a dry ridge, and sat down for about an hour, and then went on when most of them gave a most hideous halloc which made the woods ring again. One of "b Indians teld me by and by I would see plenty of Indians, and, in about half an hour, one of them wave another balloo, and a quarter of a mile forward it seemed as though the woods were alive with Indians. Directly there came about twenty of them, running to meet us, some with knives and some with tomahawks, and painted so that they looked more like so many evil

spirits than anything else. I thought then my life was short, but they all came and shook hands with me except three or four of them, who looked very surly at me, and two of them took hold of me and led me into a miry swamp, and came upon a little dry knoll in the middle of the swamp, where they had a fire about six days

came upon a little dry knoll in the middle of the swamp, where they had a fire about six days watching the army. But no sooner had I got to the fire than one took off my hat, another my coat, and another my waistcoat, another my shoes, and one stripped me of my shirt and gave me an old one in lieu of it, which was very dirty. They then brought me an old Indian who could talk the English language correctly, and began to examine me to know what condition the army was in. I told them as good a story as I could. I saw they were upon the catch, and I made as few words answer as possible. After they had examined me as much as they thought proper one of them went and brought me some roasted venison and a piece of bear meat, and after I had eaten as much as I wanted, though I had not much appetite to eat, they asked me if I could run fast. I told them I could not; they then told me I must run or die immediately. Then they packed up their things and set out toward the Maumee town.

When they first set out from the camp they spread themselves every way, so that no man could know which way they went, and after they had gone about one mile that way they came together again, and after they came together again the second time, they gave me a pack of meat and some skins about the weight of a bushel of cora, and then one went forward and they sent me next, and the rest of them followed after, hurrying me on, keeping me on a trot all the afternoon till just night, when one of them told me to run. I told him I could not run, for I was very weary. I had no sooner spoken than one of them struck me on the lowed after hurrying me on, keeping me on a trot all the afternoon till just night, when one of them told me to run. I told him I could not run, for I was very weary. I had no sooner spoken than one of them struck me on the back of the head with the breech of his gun, which knocked me down to the ground, but I soon recovered, and got up again; then I saw I must run, though bardly able to walk, and we went on in this way until dusk of the evening. Then one of them took me and led me about half a mile from the swamp and the rest went with him and went to making a fire; but my master took me and sat down about two rods from the fire, and asked me how I should like to be tied. I tokk him I should not like to be tied at all, but he said I must be tied or maybe I should

a mile from the swamp and the rest went with him and went to making a fire; but my master took me and sat down about two rods from the fire, and asked me how! I should like to be tied. I took him I should not like to be tied at all, but he said! I must be tied or maybe! I should run away; then he took a parcel of cords and tied me. He first tied my elbows behind me, and my hands together forward; then drew a moccasin over each hand and tied them together down to the waistband of my breeches and then laid me on my back and tied a cord round my neck and another round my legs and tied them together down to the waistband of my breeches and then laid me on my back and tied a cord round my neck and another round my legs and tied them fast to a tree and the Indians lay across the cords. I lay in this condition unfill morning, and when they untile me! was so stiff with the cord I could not stant, but I rolled over the ground and rubbed myself awhile and sat by the fire till I got so that I could go."

This "master," as Bunn calls the Indian who laid claim to his person, prevented the other Indians from slaying their prisoner, and after passing the next night in the manner set forth above the party approached the Miami village. "When we had got within two miles of said town the Indians made a hait, and my master painted my face one-half red and the other part black, and tied a large rope round my neck which hung to my walst; then be took my pack from me, and one of them that could speak English told me that by and by we should come into town, and he further said:

"Perhaps when you get into town some sancy hoys will come out and stricke you, and if they do you will see a long house, and sit down and they will strike you no more, which I found to be true. When we came into the town and passed the first camp there came into the town and you devil' stold as I ran he struck me over the face and eyes, and as soon as I got up another caught me by the hand, and said, 'ltun' run, you devil' and as I ran through every one of the

After experiencing this kind of treatment for After experiencing this kind of treatment for some months Bunn escaped, and after enduring the severest kinds of hardships in a journey through the wilderness, he managed to reach Detroit, then still in British hands. He was recaptured in the streets of Detroit by two Indians, and only escaped being taken back through a trader paying \$120 as his ransom. He worked for the trader for two years to make good the amount. An unlucky seedent now caused him to be "involved in trouble and difficulty not with Indians, as before, but with British tyrants, that heartless savages without the fear of God could only equal.

"Being one day at a barn raising, I tarried till evening, and a company of jovial lads got together, some of them Americans, who came there with the idea of taking the oath of allegiance to George III., and by that means be permitted to take up new lands. We all, being merry with liquor, began to drink healths. One of my countrymen drank a health to the King and damnation to Washington in order to lagratiste himself into the favor of his Majesty's subjects and demonstrate his loyalty to the orown of England, as I supposed. I was moved by the insult, and, to retaliate, drank a health to Washington and damnation to the King,"

This, of course, led to a quarrel, and indeed to worse, for Bunn's opponent denounced him to the authorities and he was charged with treason. For ten weeks he lay in trons and was finally prought to trial. As he had not taken the oath of allegiance the charge could not be sustained, and, with a fine sense of humor, the Court sentenced Bunn to be banished "as a special mark of favor instead of being hanged."

To his borror he found this sentence meant not a return to the United States, but that he was to be sent to Quebec and there impressed on a mian-of-war. Through the influence of one Capt. Shanks of the 'Queen's Engress the sentence of banishment was suspended on condition of Bunn's enlistment, in the regiment

Capt. Shanks of the Queen's Rangers the sentence of bankshment was suspended on contented on the content of Bunn's enlistment. In the regiment. After considering the matter for twelve hours and making a resolution to desert at the first opportunity. Bunn became a British soldier.

In a few months, in company with another seldier, he did desert, but after a four days flight in the wilderness was recaptured. On the return to camp, to which they were taken by boat, the two deserters, with a third man, attempted to gain possession of the craft, but through the cowardice of Bunn's follow prisener they were onickly overpowered. The soldiers then bound each one hand and foot and, after administering a brutal beating. "bound us all three together and threw us into the bottom of the boat in about four inches of water. We lay in that position from 7 "clock in the morning till we arrived where the regiment was, which was 10 octock in the evening."

After being dragged out of the boat, they were

bettom of the boat in about four inches of water. We lay in that position from 7 'clock in the morning till we arrived where the regiment was, which was 10 o'clock in the evening.

After being dragged out of the boat they were flong into a loathsome prison and kept without food until the next day, when a spare allowance of bread and water was given them. A court-martial was promptly held, and Bunn continues: "We were then ordered into court to hear sentence read, which was that Browarick and myself were next day to receive a thousand lashes each, Soper 'by whose fault they did not get clear away! 'out eight hundred in consequence of his tender years, which favor toward Soper I thought was quite unnecessary, expecting that neither of us would be able to survive more than five or six hundred lashes; and what they did to us after we were dead was of no consequence 'Boannie of the three was ordered to be flogged first. He was accordingly tied up, received his punishment, and made out to live through it. My turn came next. I bade the world and all my friends adieu, not having the least expectation to survive the awful trial. They tied no in and gave me 500 lashes. The doctor standing by ordered me to be released, tolling them that I could not endure any more at that time. I was accordingly taken down, but could not stand. There informed me that on a future day, when I should be able, I must expect to receive the remainder of my allotted nunishment."

For nine days Buns lay in one position in the hoospital, and after three months his back was so ore that he could not bear more clothing than a shirt and a blanket, which he wrapped round his shoulders. The regiment was romoved to Torento, where Hunn was told he was to receive the balance of his punishment.

This so overcame him that at first he decided to commit suicide, but he finally determined to suffer he had paraded and prepared for punishment with deliberateness and attention to the smallest detail, the commanding officer sudden to the prisoner. His feelings may

STATE OF NEW YORK, } RE.

STATE OF NEW YORK, 28.

Eris County.

1. MATTHEW BUSN, the author of the above narratice, am duly sworn, and testify lint the above narrative is a true statement of the life and adventures of the above named Matthen Bunn and that I am the identical person above named in this book and who subscribes his hand and name hereunto.

Secora and subscribed before "me this 30th day of October, 1826. Com'r. &c., for Eric County.

Fillmore was at this time occupying the first of a long series of offices, which culminated in the Presidency itself. The last leaf of the pamphled is occupied by a "Patriotic Song," which tells of St. Clair's defeat.

THE MEANING OF ALABAMA What is known Concerning the Derivation of the Name of the State.

From the Mobile Register meaning of the name of this State. The name itself is derived from the name of the Alabamos tribe of Indians, a branch of the Muscogee or reck tribe, either by blood relationship or by conquest and subsequent adoption by the recks, and there is a popular legend that the name was taken from an expression used by the chief of the tribe upon the entry of the tribe goon the lands now called by this name. Find ing the land good and the climate inviting, the chief is said to have exclaimed; "Here we rest. From this the tribe came to be called the Ain

This story has been objected to on the ground that it is not reasonable that a tribe should change its name because of such an incident in ts history. It must have had a name at the time of its migration, and a name rendered dear to the tribe by its wanderings if by no other experience. Besides, the students of the language fail to agree that this word has the precise meaning tradition gives it. Gatschet. for example, translates it to mean "wood clear

ers," deriving the name from the Choctaw. Anything that adds to our meagre store of nformation on this subject is acceptable, and now we have offered us something additional. It is reported by Dabney White, in a letter to It is reported by Dabney White, in a letter to the Houston Post. He tells of the remnant of the tribe of the Alabamos now living in Polk county, Texas, which people preserve their lan-guage, traditions, and many of their ancient practices. It appears from White's letter that a woman missionary, named Sylvestine, has lived for many years with the tribe, and has collected a vorabulary of the Alabamos lan-guage. She speaks the tongue well and is said has collected a verabulary of the Alabamos language. She speaks the tongue well and is said to be well'acquainted with their history and traditions. White says he aided the missionary in the preparation of the verabulary and nowhere in the language could be found a word or combination of words sounding like Alabama that could be twisted into the meaning "Here we rest."

In the absence of other evidence it is though the rest in the could be any type the tradition was reliance can be put upon the tradition.

In the absence of other evidence it is though a more reliance can be put upon the tradition now held by the tribe on the subject than upon that which has been handed down through the medium of the whites. The Indians say they derive their name from a peculiarity of the tribe—the celebration of the mulberry festival, a custom not observed by any other tribe. In their language the combination of the words "ala-behe-sano" literally means "people that gather mulberries." From this combination of words "Alabama" is derived. To substantiate their belief, it is generally known that every Indian tribe gets its name from some idiosyncrasy of its members. Thousands of mulberry trees are in their home village in Texas, and they are cherished with more devotion than we cherish the survivors of the ancient "cedars of Lebanon."

cherish the survivors of the ancient "cedars of Lebanon."

The evidence is not conclusive of the question raised, but it is of more than usual interest as bearing directly upon it, and perhaps making easier its final solution.

PROF. HADLEY ON RUM DRINKING He Answers a Mau Who Made Inquiries of Him in a Public Letter. NEW HAVEN, April 14.-Some time ago one

H. A. Hull of New London asked Prof. A. T. Hadley of Yale in a public letter how the pro fessor would answer the following questions o ound body, a clear minu and a pure heart.

1. Where should a Christian gentleman drink ram?

2. When should a Christian gentleman drink ram?

3. How should a Christian gentleman drink rum?

4. Why should a Christian gentleman drink rum?

4. Why should a Christian gentleman drink run? "I use the word 'rum." explained Mr. Hull, "earnestly, generically." explained Mr. Hull, "earnestly, generically." Prof. Hadley's answer has just appeared in the New Havon legister. It is: "I regret to learn that my letter of Feb. 17 was not malled to you. Whether the account of my speech in This New York Sun was correct or not I do not know. I have requested the publishers of the Yake Alumni Weekly to send you a correct account.

lishers of the Fold Almani Westy to send you a correct account.

"If a young man asked me those questions for his own guidsnos I should say that the guspels obviously prescribed no fixed rule, but that he had better not drink in doubtful cases. If he asked the question not as a guide for his own action, but as a basis for judging others. I should tell him frankly that the gospis was armore explicit in urging abstinence from sweeping judgments than abstinence from alcoholic drink."

A SCHOLAR IN DIFFICULTIES.

The Major Belates an Incident He Cheery "England," said the young man who had just returned from Europe, "is the country of

' How do you make that out I' said the Major Simple enough," came the answer. "I read the English newspapers. In Germany they imprison their cranks, in America we put them in Congress, and in England they set them to writing letters to the newspapers. The only thing they don't do is to laugh at them. why the English crank comes out at the head of

his profession. 'Something in what you say," admitted the Major. "Have any of you fellows ever stood in that open piece of ground near the Marble Arch end of Hyde Park ! I thought not. You should. Half an hour spent there will teach on more about England than the whole of Bardeker. Your speaking of cranks reminded ne of it. Whenever a new man arises in England who knows that the earth is flat or that h can square the circle or pull down the monarchy or something of that sort, he goes at once to Hyde Park to show how it's done. Any afternoon in the week and all through Sunday you'll find he oddest crowd of people there Anarchists, socialists, phrenologists, atheists, theosophists. roken down actors, temperance men, reciters, and so on. They stand on stools, each with his ittle crowd around him, and hold forth by the our on all sorts of subjects."

The Major took a fresh cigar and resettled

is shoulder blades. His eyes were smiling. "Go on, Major," said one or two members of the party. "you'll have to tell it sooner or later.

Much better ease your mind at once." "I was thinking," said the Major, "of a fo gotten scholar I once met there. Hyde Park is not the place one would look for a scholasti recluse: but then they are an eccentric race, and the poets tell us that solitude is to be found in the midst of crowds. This was a larger crowd than usual, and when I had worked my way into the front row I saw him. To judge by externals he must have been a good deal absorbed in abstract study. He wore a very old hat, ap proaching the shape of a concertina, a green and greasy frock coat, and bright brown trou sers, baggy at the knees. He was occupied in tracing two concentric circles in the earth with his umbrella and in filling the space between them with hieroglyphics, and he seemed unco scious of the public attention he excited. Bu in a few moments his task was completed and he raised his eyes, took in his audience with the glance of another Bryan, and began to speak

My friends,' he said, 'do you know wo these 'ere signs are that I 'ave just been de scribin' f' A pause; no answer. He went on with increased confidence. 'No, my friends you do not. You do not because you are not scholards. I am a scholard and I will tell you These are the signs of the Zodack.'

'Another pause; asides of small boys on the edge of the crowd. " ' Wot's 'e sye they are !

"'Signs of the kodak, you fool-photograffy."
"The Zodack, my friends, was invented by the ancients, by the Greeks and the Romans. will recite to you the signs of the Zodack and explain their use. They are as follows, namely these:

The Ram, the Bull, the 'eavenly Twins, The Crab, the Lion and 'is fine.

t cetera. I will not trouble you with the rest, but will at once describe to you 'ow they were used. The Greeks and Romans, my friends, used the Zodack to tell them wot the weather was goin' to be. These 'ere signs, when arranged in 'oriscopical concatenation and coordinated with the lunar declination or declension, will at once give a hinfallible hindication—a hinfallible hindication, I say, by this simple and easy process, of wot the weather is a goin' to be next day. Now, if you arst me wy the Gov'ment doesn't use this process now in this country, I will not say to you that it is because the preciou scholards they turn out at Hoxford and Cambridge are too hignorant of Latin and Greek to understand wot the ancient authors 'ave to say about it, nor I will not say to you that it is tor the sake of jobbin' a snug berth for them fools in connection with the newspapers that sits up in hobservatories and writes weather forecasts. No. my friends. I will merely nut before you them facts which I 'ave put before you, and

leave you to draw your own conclusions." "Here the orator paused and mopped his heated brow. The audience seemed impressed but dubious, and a murmuring of mutual question and answer ran through it, which ended in individual took upon himself to express the general sentiment.

"'I sye, we don't understand yer; and 'ow do

we know it ain't all bloomin' rot ?' "The learned man replied with condescension My friends, you desire to 'ave or to possess some proof that I am a genu-ine scholard. I though without being scholards yourselves. You shall name to me any ancient Greek or Roman poet from 'Omer downwards, and I wil recite to you a passage from 'is works.

"The audience expressed a wish for a passage "The audience expressed a wish for a passage from 'Omer, and the scholar proceeded to recite a few lines from the version of Mr. Pope. This produced its effect, and the orator was once more directing attention to his circles, when a large, solid man, with a bag of tools over his shoulder, who had been standing contemplative in the outskirts of the crowd for a fow minutes, suddenly came out with:
"Can you tell me rightly, sir, wot is the difference between anshint Greek and modern Greek!"

ference between anshint Greek and modern Greek! "The distinction and the difference between ancient and modern Greek, replied the scholar after a moment's besitation, 'is precisely this, namely, as follows: Ancient Greek is a language known only to scholards such as myself; but modern Greek is spoken by every one among those who speak it, whether 'e be a scholard or not.'

those who speak it, whether 'e be a scholard or not.'

"I knows you're right, sir, though I am only a laboring man, 'replied the other, much gratified, 'cos wy I I' ad a pai once that was a modern Greek, and 'e spoke a queer sort of langwidge and 'e wasn't no scholard, for 'e couldn't write 'is name in a pay book; and 'e stole a coat of mine w'en 'e left, too. Might you be by way of knowin' im, sir I a little dark fellow, with a scar on 'is face, wot was done with a knife."

"This ombarrassing question was received with a roar of laughter; and, as the orator paid no attention to it, the large man lumbered off on his way, with a slow shake of the head.

"When I turned once more to the Professor of the Zodack he was giving yet another proof of his learning. 'The ancient Greek name for the letter A, which, as you may be aware, stands first in the sipliabet, is Alfer, and the Greek name for B is Bet; thus we get the name Alfer. Bet—that is to say A, B, C.

"Where's ver C!" asked the man who had interrupted before. 'There ain't no C. If Alfer's A and Bet's B, where's yer C!"

"The ancient Greek alfer-bet, my friends,' replied the professor, with dignity, 'does not possess nor yet use the letter C.

"Hut this announcement was received with jeers and the great man saw that his fame was departing. Being, I supposed, at the end of his resources, he decided to make the best of what remnants of faith there might still be, and proceed at once to the collection. He got down from the chair on which he had stood and began to take around the concertina list. But the first to whom he appeaded was a young man of dark and frowning aspect, with a black, shiny coat, and a dubious collar, and he met the request with a question:

"Look 'ere, if you're such a scholard as you say, wy do you 'ave to beg! That's woi! say."

"The learned man looked at him with a melancholy pride, as one who has an opportunity of explaining himself on a matter painful indeed, but necessary to be known.

"That,' he said,' is just wot! I was about to explain not.' I knows you're right, sir, though I am only

explain to these gentlemen. Wy ann I 'ere in these pore garmints instead of where I oughter be, at the ead of a college-university at Hoxford or Heton I My friends, it is because my opinions is known,

"The young man secued much impressed even moved; and it was with something of a symmathetic tone that he seked:
"An wai are your opinions, then I'
"My opinions,' rejoined the grator, with magnificent vagueness, 'is strong, very strong."
Then that treacherous young man suddenly cast off the mask. Stepping forward, he ascended the vacant chair, and with a hitch of the doubtful collar, he opened out with the true Hyde Park twang:

od the vacant chair, and with a hitch of the doubtful collar, he opened out with the true livde Park twang:

"Feller Citizens: I am sure you all feel with me compansion and sympathy for the case, I may say the outrageous and disgraceful case, of our pore friend ere. Wotever he is abilities or attainments, we must all feel that no fair chance, no chance such as your Henglish sense of fair play mak s you demand for every feller creature—that no such chance as that, I say, as been given to im by this tyrranous and oppressive combination of a biosted plotocracy with a obsolete arristocracy. But wot is the remedy I Wy, Reform, feller citizens, radical, aweeping, hout-an-hout Reform—"There was a swaying to and fro and a hurried centrifugal movement, and the two orators were left sions together. I did not notice that any one had contributed to learning a distress."

WAYS OF FRENCH JUSTICE.

DISCUSSION OFER THE CASE OF A STARVING GIRL.

he Stole Two Cents' Worth of Brend and the Magistrate Who Let Her Go May Be Either Honored or Impenched—Three Other Cases That Afford an Interesting Contract.

PARIS, April 8.-A curious discussion has been taxing the argumentative powers of the French press for the last fortnight, and is still in full swing in the country districts, whither a mat-ter of news finds its way after Paris has torgots en about it. This discussion is over what some of the papers call a question of casulatry, and others merely one of common sense. The facts in the case are these:
A girl of eighteen, mother of a child of twe

years, was arrested a few weeks ago at Chateau Thierry for the theft of a small piece of breadthe value of which was 2 cents. She was sent to prison with her child, and at the expiration of three days was haled before a police magistrate. The baker from whom she stole the broad was on hand to prosecute. In the hearing it came out that the young woman had been deserted by the father of her child, and that sheihad an aged mother who depended upon her for support, The young woman had obtained work at 20 cents a day, and upon this the family of three had lived for several months. Then her employer died, and, although she was industrious and compelent, she had been unable to obtain further work. For forty-eight hours previous to the theft relither she nor her child nor has mother had tasted food. She confessed that she knew it was wrong to steal, and she was very repentant, but "the bread was a stale piece than baker could not sell, and they were all so hungry!"

The punishment for this crime, according to French law, was imprisonment for a period varying from six to eighteen months, with restitution. The latter was out of the question, because the bread had been eaten, so there was only the question of how long the imprisonment

The "extraordinary" magistrate-as the French papers call him-before whom the hearing was held, determined, upon his own responsibili ty, to do something unheard of in France, namey, to set himself up as superior to the law by discharging the young woman from custody. He did not take this resolution in the heat of sympathy. On the contrary, he thought over it for a whole day, and accompanying the discharge he put on record for his own exculnation a document which would fill nearly a column of THE SUN. This document is curious to Anglo-Saxon eyes. The concluding paragraphs are

as follows: "It is indeed to be regretted that in well-organized society one of its members, above all a mother of family, should lack for bread unless by her own fault. When such a situation pre-sents itself, and is well established, as in the present case, the Judge ought certainly to interpret humanely the inflexible provisions of the law. Misery and hunger are well capable of depriving an individual of his self-restraint and to weaken in him, to a certain degree, his power of distinguishing between right and wrong. An act ordinarily reprehensible loses much of its criminal character when it is provoked by the imperious need of procuring an aliment of prime necessity, without which nature refuses to carry on the work of our physical beings.

aliment of prime necessity, without which nature refuses to carry on the work of our physical being.

"Acknowledging, then, that fraudulent intent is much less cupable when it is joined to the acute tortures of starvation, and when it is pushed, as in the present case, by the desire, so natural in a mother, to save her child from the pangs of a slow death; considering, also, that the theft committed by the accused was not freely and voluntarily perpetrated without, the said incentive; and seeing, snally, that the accused has offered to work for the baker until the amount of his claim against her; ssatisfied—it is ordered that she be set free.

When this decision was made known, every paper of note in France had a long editorial on it. Since then it has been the topic of conversation everywhere; nothing has been discussed so widely, and so thoroughly, since the trial of M. Zoia. With true French enthusiasm, the little country Judge has been put on a lofty pinnacle. Almost without exception he has been commended as one of the "humane" lights of the century. One paper has gone so far as to class him with Pasteur as one of the nation's benefactors; nearly all hotly demand for him some notable distinction—advancement in the judiciary, the cross of the Legion of Honor, and many other things. A few papers of no importance have sung a discordant note; they want the Judge to be impeached for malfeasance in office; they say the republic's judicial system is in Jeopardy if its "wise provisions" shall be set aside without legislative process.

Contemporaneously, some of these "wise provisions" have been brought to light by three cases, none of which received a word of comment in the newspapers so intent upon celebrating "humanity." Taking the four cases together, they give an idea of what is called in Franco justice. They may be summarized in

gether, they give an idea of what is called France justice. They may be summarized

ing "humanity." Taking the four cases together, they give an idea of what is called in France justice. They may be summarized in a few lines:

1. One Pierre Rodot, formerly one of President Grévy's personal detectives, was arrested several weeks ago upon suspicion of having murdered a woman, after robbing her. He denied the charge, while admitting that he murdered another woman under circumstances exactly similar cleven years ago. In the interval between the acknowledged murder and the one with which he was charged eight other women were killed in a like manner, and indubitably by the same hand. These murders have always been mysteries to the police. After careful investigation, the circumstantial evidence against Rodot as the culprit in the whole ten crimes seemed overwholming. It was, however, not thought conclusive by the police, and it is now amounced that the man is to be discharged from custedy. As to the murder confessed, it is simply outlawed by the statute of limitations. One of the "wise provisions" of the French law declares that a man cannot be held accountable for murder after the lapse of len years. In other words, if a murderre evades the police for that length of time, or lives outside of France after committing murder, he may be immune from prosecution.

2. This case involves what some people in America call the "unwritten law." In France it is written. Ten days ago a husband arrived at his home unexpectedly, and found his wife with another man. He promptly killed both on the soot. He delivered himself to the police, appeared before a police magistrate the next day, and was discharged, after an explanation. There was no proceed for a trial. The "wise provisions" of the law which covers the case introduced in a first process of the policy and the cover was not processed in the fullest sense, except when the husband happens to be a foreigner and the other man a Franchman.

3. The son of the Marquis de Noailles, French Ambassador at Herlin. recently brought from that city a Polish music hall singe

MIDDAY SUNDAY RUSH.

icene on the Elevated Road When People Ard Coing Home from Church.

There is a Sunday rush hour on the clevated, as one may find who has occasion to go downtown on a Sunday, on the Sixth avenue road, Returning at say 12:30 to 1 P. M., he may stand upon the platform of a downtown station and see the train roll in, empty, or practically so. It may be that in the car he takes he is the only passenger. A few scattering passengers boards the train at the stations further up, but the train turns through Third street and into Sixth. avenue with so few in the car that it still seems as though you had it almost to yourself—there are not enough passengers to disturb the sense of quiet and seclusion. But after that the scene changes rapidly. At every station along up Sixth avenue and around to Fifty-ninth street, in Ninth avenue,

At every station along up Sixth avenue and around to Fifty-ninth street, in Ninth avenue, passengers in numbers get aboard—two or three or half a dozen, or a dozen or more, men and women, old and young, richly and handsomely dressed, with among the men, a decided preponderance of high hats. The passengers keep coming until there are so many of them that some have to stand. The travel has now risen to the proportions of a moderate rush of uniformly well-dressed people, and the quist is supplanted by the buzz of conve.

The passengers who have thus because the park from which they are now returning home. They do not begin to thin out again until the train has got above Fifty-night street, and it keeps on north still well filled, for many of these church goes have come down from Harlem.